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MR. MALLOCK'S TITLE PAGES.

[In the April-July issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA Dr. Isaac Hull Platt, in his debate with Dr. Morgan, reproduces and refers to the fac-similies of old title pages discussed in this Paper. I wish to premise that this article was written before I had the pleasure of reading Dr. Platt's reply to Dr. Morgan, pages 106 to 120 in that issue, in which he largely quotes from Mr. Mallock's explanations of those title pages to which I refer. It will be understood, therefore, that my article is in no respect a reply to Dr. Platt, whose article I had not read, but only to Mr. Mallock's articles in the Pall Mall Magazine. Nor had I seen Mr. Greg's valuable reply to Mr. Mallock in the April *Library*.]

It is, I think, rather pleasing to those who cherish the memory of William Shakespeare as that of a loved personality, to find that the ablest assailants of our belief not only wish to throw down the figure of the Actor Poet from its pedestal in our hearts and set up in its stead that of the great lawyer and man of science, Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, but going further, claim for their hero the laurels of Marlowe and Spenser as well, and also seek to build up for him a royal pedigree at the expense even of scandal about Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Mallock, in his very entertaining articles in the Pall Mall Gazette (which I have a lingering fear I may perhaps err in taking seriously, as they may be only a brilliant jeu d'esprit), goes yet further, and would seem to desire to give Lord Verulam credit for the composition of some of the master pieces of French literature. Mr. Mallock's primary deduction from his interesting title pages, that Bacon had some connection with the productions referred to, is so vague, as well as modest, that it is rather hard to discuss. If Lord Verulam gave a few pounds to aid a needy author or publisher to produce an edition of a book, he would

doubtless in a sense have some connection with its production, but hardly enough to be commemorated on the title page. And Mr. Mallock's modest suggestion must therefore be treated as having deeper significance.

The first title page he discusses is that of the third edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays (Plate I). His conclusion as to this is that it shows that Bacon's literary activity was far more extensive than has been recognized, and that he played some leading part in the production of that volume. This third edition appeared in 1632, six years after Lord Verulam's death, and his connection therefore cannot be with that edition. Mr. Mallock further claims that the white shield containing the title, being on a dark structure, is but a banner hung over the true title, and therefore a fiction, ultimately to give place to the truth. If he is right in this, even if Bacon in his youth had translated Montaigne's Essays into English, it would not account for the fictitious banner, for this shield contains no translator's name, nor any name but that of the author Michel de Montaigne with the proper additions. Therefore, this argument as to the shield either means nothing or is intended to claim for Lord Verulam the authorship of Montaigne's Essays. Now we know that Bacon was born in 1561, that he was at Cambridge between 1573 and 1576, that in the beginning of 1577 he went to France, a sickly lad, in the suite of Sir Amyas Powlet, and under the charge of a tutor, Mr. Duncombe. His stay in France came to an end in 1578, when he was summoned home by his father's death, and it is abundantly clear from his letters to Essex, in 1598, that he never went back to that sunny land. In 1580, two years after Bacon's return to England, appeared the first two Books of Montaigne's Essays. The Chevalier Michel de Montaigne was then forty-seven years old, and a man of eminence and distinction. The Third Book of the Essays was published a few years later. These charming discourses have ever since been one of the delights of French Literature, and have won universal admiration, not only for their beautiful humanity of spirit, and the profound experience of life which they display, but for their idiomatic and characteristic style, revealing in each chapter something of the noble and fascinating personality of the author. To suppose that they could, even to the smallest extent, be the composition of a sickly lad of seventeen, just out of Cambridge, is manifestly absurd. That Bacon, while in attendance on Sir Amyas at Tours, may have met Montaigne is possible, and it is possible he may have been interested in the Essays when they appeared in French two years later. It is also quite possible Bacon may have had some part in Florio's translation of the Essays into English. On the other hand, his pecuniary circumstances, from

the Lord Keeper's death, in 1578, until Essex presented him with Twickenham, in 1592, were too narrow to have enabled him to help Florio much in bringing out his first edition. If, therefore, by his mysterious emblems on the 1632 title page, the publisher, Richard Royston, intended to convey the statement that Bacon had any further connection with Montaigne's Essays than possibly having translated some of them, or given some slight pecuniary aid to their publication, we would be driven to the conclusion that Royston was a wilful falsifier. But I think the theory of any reference to Bacon in the title page rests on the slenderest foundation. The white shield may well be of marble, set into the dark stone that the inscription may be more easily read, like the white block in the base. Even if a banner, it does not follow that it is a fiction or that it is intended to indicate a fiction. To make out the initials F. B., Mr. Mallock has to construct a small f, turned so as to read from right to left out of a broken arch, while his capital B is supine, and made imperfectly of two arches. To ordinary eyes the so-called beacon seen through the arch may as well be any other building. The little prison or guard house to the left seems to me square in form, though surmounted by a cupola. This structure, and its little chimney or spire surmounted with a ball, are perhaps somewhat Saracenic in appearance. The ball is certainly not a globe, for it is brought into a point at the top. The rose, if it is a rose, on the capital of the columns, is too common an ornament to have any significance. The Rose of Provence, so common in early decoration in Southern France, is as likely to be meant as the Red Rose of Lancaster, or the White Rose of York. The reference to the dedication of Powell's Attorney's Academy does not seem to me to help Mr. Mallock's argument. The words, "To the true nobilitic and try'd learning beholden to no Mountain for eminence," seem to be clear enough without the aid of the supposed pun. That a brilliant light does not require to be set on an eminence to be seen, seems sufficiently plain without importing Michel de Montaigne, then dead forty years, and who never had anything to do with lawyers, into the dedication. Mr. Mallock does not give us the prefatory poem which he tells us enjoins such careful study of the title page; but the short extract from it, which urges the reader to turn and study each leaf, would seem to refer rather to the Essays than to their title page, since the latter had no leaves, while every page of Montaigne's Essays deserves and will repay careful perusal.

The next title page discussed by Mr. Mallock is that of an edition of Spenser's poems published by Lownes in 1611 [Plate II]. As this was in Bacon's lifetime, he might have had something to do with the publication,

which could not have been the case with most of the title pages treated by Mr. Mallock, belonging, as they did, to books published after his decease. This is certainly a curious and rather obscure title page, but Mr. Mallock's interpretation of it seems to me so forced and unnatural that I would hesitate to accept it, even if no other significance could be found for its figures or emblems. Mr. Mallock seems to deduce from these two conclusions: First, that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, and wrongly deprived of his royal inheritance; second, that Bacon was also the author of the poems we know as Edmund Spenser's. Spenser's unhappy and forsaken death, twelve years previously, had been deplored throughout England and was feelingly alluded to by Shakespeare in Midsummer Night's Dream and the Sonnets. In this very title page the poems are attributed to England's "Arch Poet," Edmund Spenser. Even if he did not, as is generally believed, hold the office of Poet Laureate, he was certainly recognized and formally rewarded for his poetic merit by the Queen. It would be somewhat strange for the pictorial part of the title page to embody a direct contradiction of the authorship asserted in its text. Two poems are mentioned by name on the title page—the Faery Queen and the Shepherd's Calendar. Now, if we accept it as the natural purpose of a title page to express pictorially the contents of the volume, we have a clear and natural meaning for the supporters on either side of the page. The figure on the right hand is an armed lady, that on the left an unarmed peasant carrying a scrip and a staff or crook. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the armed Lady is either Gloriana, the Faery Queen, or Britomart the Lady Knight, while the peasant is Colin Clout, the shepherd, indicating the other poem named on the title page? That Leicester, a great noble and a soldier, should be portrayed as a peasant, with a wallet and crook, seems impossible. Next, I doubt if the boar in the uppermost panel can have any relation to the boar which the Bacon family had long borne as their crest. This figure, in fact, bears a stronger resemblance to the heraldic boar of the Harpurs, of Calke, in Derbyshire, than to that of the Bacons. Mr. Mallock's Plate III. is an excellent enlarged reproduction of the Bacon boar. It will be observed that this animal is rather smooth-haired, but has a standing ruff of bristles on his back; he is spotted with fleurs de lys and one crescent. He has no collar whatever, and is standing still. The boar of the upper panel is covered with projecting spines like a hedge-hog, is passant, has a marked collar, and has no fleurs de lys or crescent. In all these respects he is the Harpur, not the Bacon, boar, if he must have a heraldic meaning. On the other hand, the animal in the lower panel seems to me an ordinary swine, in the com-

mon recalcitrant attitude of his race, and not a boar at all. He is almost smooth, and is facing to the right instead of the left. Mr. Mallock does not discuss the scene presented by this lower panel except with respect to this hog and the flowering plant. The picture seems to me to show two countries severed by a narrow sea. The region to the left and rear is mountainous and shows a church and a forest; I should take it to indicate Britain. The country to the right is flat, but with some jagged rocks, and, I would suggest, means Ireland, the sea between being the Irish Channel. This right-hand country shows also a flowering bush from which the hog is holding back with aversion, having on a scroll *Non tibi spiro*, which I translate, "I breathe not (that is, give out no fragrance) for thee." Mr. Mallock understands this as meaning that the hog cannot attain the flowers which he calls Tudor roses. It seems to me, however, that the picture shows it is the hog who is rejecting the flowers; I am not clear that they are roses. The bush may be a laurel, indicating Ireland's rejection of the laureate, but, even if a rose bush, it would still seem to me to indicate Ireland's rejection of English culture, represented by the national flower (which the rose was long before the days of the Tudors), as shown by her hostility to England's arch poet; and this idea gives us also, I think, the true meaning of the upper panel, viz.: the destroying or wasting wild boar, the savage Celtic peasantry who burnt Spenser's house, destroyed his plantations and caused the death of his wife and child. If Bacon had intended to lay claim to Tudor ancestry, it would seem to me strange for him to introduce the hereditary crest of his putative father at all, particularly to personify himself as the boar, the familiar designation of Richard III., the enemy of the Tudors!

If Bacon had ever intended in this, or in any other title page to even hint at a descent from Queen Elizabeth, why did he remark, in his beautiful Latin Eulogium *In Felicem memoriam Elizae*, on the fact that the great Queen left no offspring, and compare her in this respect with illustrious personages of the past? It would be strangely inconsistent for Bacon, if he had any belief in his alleged royal origin, to commit himself definitely to a statement directly contradicting its possibility, as he did in this Encomium, which, by his Will in 1621, he expressly ordered to be published.

Mr. Mallock next introduces to us [Plate IV.] the title page of a book on ciphers and cryptograms printed in Germany in 1624. He tells us that Gustavus Selenus, the nominal compiler, was the pseudonym of the Duke of Brunswick. I can conceive no reason why we should fancy the title page of this book should have any reference to Bacon whatever. It was pub-

lished in Germany three years after Bacon's fall. The title page is in Latin, and the book is also. We have no knowledge of any relation between the Duke of Brunswick and Bacon, or that the Duke was familiar with the English language or with Camden's remains; it is unimportant whether or not Bacon had anything to do with that work, and I do not find that Spedding says he had. Spedding's only remark on the subject is a suggestion that Camden may have derived his knowledge of certain facts from an anonymously published letter which Spedding attributes to Bacon. Why, therefore, because Camden speaks of Bacon, Brakespeare, Shakespeare, Wagstaff, &c., as names taken from familiar objects, should we connect this remark with Francis Bacon, or import any of it into the title page of Gustavus Selenus, the nominal compiler, the pseudonym of the Duke? Why should we imagine that he had ever heard of Shakespeare as actor or poet, or that, if he had, that he should devote his title page to an irrelevant story about foreign authors, to the neglect of the subject matter of his own book? If we proceed with a common-place expectation that the title page will be found to be a foreshadowing, or rough index, of the book's contents, I think we will find its interpretation comparatively simple. We know from the text of the title page that it deals with abridged and occult signs and writings, and mysterious modes of communication and that it undertakes to explain the enigmatic system of John Trithemius, Abbott of Spanheim, &c. We may naturally, therefore, expect to find in the title page illustrations of such devices and their usefulness, and perhaps a reference to Abbott Trithemius, the originator of the system. Now, if we look first at the upper panel [of Plate IV. and Plate V.] we find a fortified town on a bay or river lit up with numerous lanterns, which cast a light over the harbour, where a boat, containing several rowers and apparently one person of distinction, is being brought to a stop. The natural translation of this picture would seem to be that the lights are prearranged signals, guided by the meaning of which the personage in the boat is about to disembark. Mr. Mallock contends that the lights are beacons and intended to suggest Lord Verulam's name by an English pun. This seems to me very unlikely. The lights, while doubtless signals, are hardly "beacons" in any sense in which that word is ordinarily used. But, granting that they may be fairly called beacons, what is more improbable than that Gustavus Selenus, writing a Latin treatise in Germany, should introduce this picture for the sake of an English pun on the name of the fallen chancellor! This interpretation is also quite unnecessary, since the indication of one kind of signalling, viz.: by a system of

lights, seems sufficient. Descending the page, we have to the left [Plate IV. and Plate VII.] a representation of a richly dressed officer handing a written paper to an elderly soldier armed with a spear. The officer, probably a general, is giving careful instructions about it to this soldier, who listens attentively. In the background is a walled city; between it and the interlocutor paces a sentinel; above flies a bird with a letter in its beak, against whose breast an arrow is directed. The meaning seems to me simple enough. The general is trying to send a cipher letter to a besieged city; a carrier pigeon is also taking a cipher letter thither; the letters being in cipher will be safe from discovery, though the arrow slay the pigeon and the sentinel intercept the soldier messenger. Mr. Mallock would have the general mean Bacon intrusting his plays to Shakespeare, though he admits the old soldier has no resemblance to the actor poet, and though a military guise is the last one in which we could expect to find Bacon. He would turn the carrier pigeon into an eagle whose claws he says are lightnings. I confess I do not see the lightnings, and, unless the idea is of wireless telegraphy, I do not perceive their relevance or application if they are visible, nor does the bird resemble an eagle. In the arrow Mr. Mallock finds Camden's "shot-bolt," regardless of the fact that a bolt is a quite different missile. Mallock also identifies the soldier messenger with the sentinel, another figure in the same picture, though they in no way resemble each other, and the sentinel is heavily and the messenger lightly, armed and equipped. It seems, therefore, that we are asked to take a difficult, inconsistent, irrelevant explanation instead of one simple and direct and cognate to the subject matter. Passing to the right-hand panel [Plate IV.] we have again in the background a fortified town, but, in the front of the picture, a soldier on a powerful steed, galloping toward the city, blowing a horn as he rides. I would interpret this picture as illustrating the plan of signalling by musical notes or tunes. The horseman, by a pre-arranged system of sounds or calls, is giving notice of the approach of an enemy, perhaps, so that the country folk may in good season take refuge within the city's gates, or, perhaps, is conveying some important news to friends within the city. Mr. Mallock, however, conjectures that the horseman, despite total dissimilarity, to be the soldier messenger of the left-hand picture, and to signify Shakespeare, who, rejuvenated and having stolen the writing confided to him by the elderly general, is claiming it as his own production, which is indicated by his blowing his own trumpet! What possible connection this could have with John Trithemius or a book on ciphers is not explained. Last comes the panel at the foot of the page [Plate IV., magnified Plate VI.]

which contains the picture of a student, wearing a monkish gown, belted at the waist apparently over a rich habit, seated writing at a desk set on a table. The scene is a comfortable but rather dark room on the ground floor, resembling the parlor of a monastery, and opening on a cloister. The student is a young, vigorous and handsome man with a suggestion of a tonsure. He bears no resemblance to the elderly officer in the left hand side panel, but Mr. Mallock concludes him to be the same because of an ornamented sleeve, and identifies both with Bacon, to whose portraits they have no resemblance. Back of the writer stands a figure richly habited—I should say, a monarch or great noble—holding over the student's head a furred cap such as Polish or Hungarian nobles wear on the stage. Mr. Mallock thinks this standing figure resembles Shakespeare and claims that the rich garment shows him to be an actor. (We shall see shortly that he thinks other figures in later pages indicate histrionic characters for opposite reasons.) As to the supposed resemblance, it seems to me purely imaginary. The picture is of a rather slight and frivolous person with a narrow forehead covered with curled hair, and possessed of a distinctly pug nose. Every portrait, real or supposed, of Shakespeare makes him bald, his high-domed forehead ascending without hair. Certainly neither face nor figure bear any likeness to the bluff square English face of the Stratford bust, and the face is equally unlike the rather sad face, with the long straight nose, of the Droeshout etching. Nor can a resemblance be claimed for it to the poetic and Latin looking face of the Chandos or Jennens portraits. It is highly improbable that this German publisher should attempt to portray Shakespeare at all, but, if he did, we might expect to see a copy of some then existing likeness. Mr. Mallock finally interprets the picture as depicting Shakespeare depriving Bacon of what he calls the cap known in heraldry as " a cap of maintenance." This panel also seems to me to admit of a far simpler interpretation. The student I take to be the Abbot John Trithemius, the originator of the system discussed in the volume, engaged either in the composition or translation of a secret writing. His costume, partly ecclesiastic and partly knightly, confirms this view. The other figure is, I think, that of a great prince, perhaps of a Duke of Brunswick, rewarding his skilful invention by the cap in question, which I think he is placing on the student's head. Even if I am in error in this, and the cap is being removed, the Prince may well be removing a disguise from the cipher writer, so that disguise in dress as well as in manuscript may be referred to. Were we familiar with the text of Gustavus Selenus' book, or with Trithemius' life and writings, the explanation might be apparent.

In Mr. Mallock's second paper he deals with the title pages of three of Bacon's books [Plates VIII., IX. and X.] republished in Leyden a number of years after Lord Verulam's death. We might more naturally expect to find something personal about Bacon in these title pages than in those of books to which he apparently had no relation; but that they should be intended to express emblematically a secret until then concealed, about his life and writings, seems intrinsically improbable when we consider that while these books were published in Holland in 1641, 1642 and 1645, we have no knowledge or suggestion of any of Bacon's friends or servants, who were likely to be possessed of such secrets, going to or residing in that country. There appears to be no reason why, fifteen years after his death, Bacon's claim to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays should not have been made openly instead of covertly and emblematically. Charles I., still on the English throne, had remained friendly to Bacon even in his darkest hours, while still but Prince of Wales. Charles was also a passionate admirer of Shakespeare, and in all probability would have been delighted to find that his old friend Bacon was the author of the dramas he loved. Bacon in his Will gave what he well called "the durable part of his memory, his books and writings," to his brother-in-law, Constable, and his friend Bosville, who were to take care that of all his writings, both English and Latin, there should be books fair-bound and placed in the King's Library and certain other libraries in the universities. Now, if Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays, his literary executors either knew or did not know it. If they knew it how can their falseness to their trust be accounted for? If they knew it not, how and from whom could the information reach these Leyden publishers, and why should Francis Hackius, Francis Moiardus and Adrian Wyngaerde have been anxious to perpetuate the secret on these mysterious title pages, and yet have wrapped it so carefully in emblems that it has not been discovered until more than two hundred and fifty years have passed? The first in date of these pages [Plate IX.] is that prefixed to the Latin edition of the Essays described as "Ethical, Political and Economic," with an alternate title: "The Inner Nature of Things." This description of the contents is found on a white table cloth hanging from a table occupying the center of the picture. On this table are a clasped book and an hour glass; to the right stands a figure (which I agree with Mr. Mallock is meant for the author Francis Bacon) richly habited, on the other side of the table are three figures strongly contrasted; the first who is seated is evidently from his dress and carriage a person of lofty and perhaps royal rank. The next is a handsome gay cavalier, evidently a soldier,

while behind them stands a plainly dressed elderly man, probably an artificer. In the clouds above floats a nude damsel using as a sail a species of scroll and with her feet on a globe. Bacon is looking towards this lady, towards whom he points his index finger. It does not seem to me that the interpretation of this title page is very difficult. Bacon is evidently explaining to all sorts and conditions of men, represented by the prince, the cavalier and the workman, that by careful use of their time, represented by the hour glass, and the study of these discourses, represented by the book on the table, they can seize fortune's or time's forelock, streaming in front of the damsel's head, and the world will be at their feet. If there were any doubt about this meaning I think it would be removed by the concluding words of the title: "*Accedit Faber Fortuna,*" which may be freely rendered: "The diligent worker will attain fortune." This translation has certainly the advantage of explaining the three figures to the left, of which Mr. Mallock says no explanation has yet been suggested, and seems to me much easier than Mr. Mallock's view, which is that the closed book represents the Shakespeare secret, the hour glass the period to elapse before its revelation, the nude damsel poetry, and the ball at her feet the Globe Theater in London! The book, like many books in those days, is merely clasped, not locked, as a secret book would be; it is hard to see how an hour glass can represent a prolonged period, and it is not explained what connection the long streaming forelock can have with poetry, or why she should be flying through the air, nor how Francis Hackius knew anything of the Globe Theater in London, which had been burned thirty years before. It seems to me that by all rules of interpretation we ought to accept the simple meaning indicated by the words of the title page and relevant to the subject matter of the volume rather than follow the exuberant flight of Mr. Mallock's fancy.

The second Leyden title page [Plate VIII.], the first discussed by Mr. Mallock, is prefixed to the Life of Henry VII., which is rightly characterized as a truly "politick" work. This also was printed by Francis Hackius, in 1642. The nude damsel with the forelock streaming in front of her, now occupies the center of the page; she is standing again on a turning globe, but has grown two wings since her last appearance. She holds in her right hand a large classic vase, which I should consider a cinerary urn, but which Mr. Mallock calls a salt cellar, and something which he calls a bitless bridle, but which I think a purse. With her left hand she is turning the handle of what is evidently fortune's wheel. It would therefore seem that the lady must be still more certainly fortune, than in the title page of the

previous year, but Mr. Mallock, who calls the naked damsel in the earlier picture "Poetry," calls her, on this occasion, "Fame and Wisdom united." On each side of the damsel are two figures. These are in each case a soldier, and a statesman or philosopher. While the left hand figures are supporting the lady, and helping her to retain her rather perilous foothold on the revolving globe, the right hand figures seem to be trying to upset the damsel, or, at least, to hamper and interfere with her action. The soldier is trying to change the revolution of the globe, while the sage or statesman is pushing a long pole (without a spearhead), which they both hold, between the spokes of fortune's wheel. Mr. Mallock does not discuss the left hand figures at all, or notice the distinction between the left and right hand soldiers, as to their dress and armour, but assumes that the right hand soldier is, because of his imperfect equipment, an actor; and, because he holds a long pole, that he is Shakespeare. If, however, we take as our guide to the title page the subject matter of the book, its elucidation presents no great difficulty. The life of Henry VII. is a truly "politick history." He was renowned as a most politick King, and Bacon shows how well he deserved this reputation. The nude female figure of fortune therefore denotes the fortune of this politick prince, maintained by policy through many dangers and vicissitudes. True and wise policy, civil and military hold his fortune firm, while imperfect policy and rash valor, represented by the badly armed soldier, in vain seek to overthrow her equilibrium, or put a spoke in her wheel. The cinerary urn signifies his peaceful death and posthumous renown, and the purse the wealth his care and frugality accumulated.

The only important thing to be discussed in the third Leyden title page [Plate X.] is, I think, the youth climbing the steps of Parnassus, who hardly, I think, needs interpretation. Mr. Mallock will have it that he, too, is an actor, because he finds, in the picture, what I fail to discover—a padded breast and a goat skin over his other garments. Thus, this image of Bacon's lofty-climbing genius, is again converted into Shakespeare and a clasped volume is again made to denote the plays we know as his. Mr. Mallock has thus, in three of the title pages, made out three persons to be actors, one because he is gorgeously dressed, one because he is shabbily equipped, and a third because he has a reasonably full chest, and is supposed to wear a goat skin. I doubt if he is right in this conclusion as to any of these figures. Certainly none of them resemble Shakespeare in the slightest degree.

R. L. ASHHURST.

SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN DAVIES.

In the discussion of the appreciation of the actor-poet William Shakespeare by his contemporaries, it seems to me that hardly enough importance has been given to what was said of Shakespeare by John Davies of Hereford. It seems to me that with the single possible exception of Ben Jonson, Davies brings us a little closer to the man as well as the poet and actor than any other writer of the period, and that his three direct mentions of Shakespeare, which occur in three separate poems written at different periods, deserve more careful attention than they have usually received.

John Davies was born at Hereford, a little town on the borders of Wales, in 1568, and died in London in 1618, so that his span of life almost synchronized Shakespeare's, who was born in 1564 and died in 1616. Hereford is not very far from Stratford-upon-Avon, and the road to London from both places lay through Oxford. We have many traditions of Shakespeare's frequent sojourns at Oxford on his journeys between Stratford and the capital, particularly in connection with his stay at the Crown Tavern kept by John Davenant. Davenant was not only renowned for the excellence of his wines, but was personally estimable and highly respected: and the Crown Inn was a place to which members of the University might with entire propriety resort, and where the Fellows of Magdalen could meet on common ground with the travelling Actor. Davies was by profession a writing master until he took orders in 1608, and resided in Magdalen College, Oxford, from about the time of his reaching twenty-one until that year. Wood says he was educated in Oxford, and Robert Benhill, in some lines prefixed to 1635 edition of Davies' "Microcosmos," speaks of him as *Oxoniae Vates;* but it does not seem to be generally accepted that he took a degree at the University. His residence at Magdalen, however, is quite certain. Among his poems is an address " to my much honoured and entirely beloved patroness, the most famous University of Oxfrod," and two of his Sonnets are in praise of Magdalen College. Davies was reputed the most skilful penman and teacher of the art of writing of his day; and was a very voluminous, though rather tedious, poet. His scholars included many of the most distinguished persons of both sexes during the period of his life in Oxford. Among these pupils seem to have been Prince Henry of Wales, Shakespeare's patron the Earl of Pembroke, and his family, the family of the Earl of Northumberland, and the Countess of Derby and her daughters. His first published work, which was printed at Oxford in 1602,

was a philosophical poem entitled "Merum in Modum, a Glimpse of God's Glorie and the Soule's Shape," a quarto dedicated to Shakespeare's patron William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, Sir Robert Sidney, Knight, and the Right Worshipful Edward Herbert of Montgomery (afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury). In the following year appeared, also at Oxford, Davies' poem "Microcosmos," "the discovery of the Little World with the Government thereof," quarto 1603, with dedicatory sonnets, to the king and queen. This is the first of his books in which mention is made of Shakespeare. Appended to this work was, among other tributes, an English poem by Nicholas Deible, inscribed: "In love and affection of Mr. John Davies and admiration of his excellence in the art of writing." In 1605 appeared also at Oxford what seems to have been Davies' ablest production, "The Triumph of Death or the Picture of the Plague." This vivid though prolix and melancholy poem was dedicated to his pupils Algernon Lord Percy and the Ladies Dorothy and Lucy Percy. In the same year appeared the "Humours of Heaven and Earth with the Civil Wars of Death and Fortune." In this poem occurs a stanza with important reference to Shakespeare.

In 1608 he received the living St. Dunstan the Less, in London, and from that time until his death in 1618 he lived in St. Martin's Lane near his church. During this period he was three times married and produced numerous works, the most important of which to us is "The Scourge of Folly consisting of Satyrical Epigrammes, and others, in honour of many noble and worthy persons of our land." London, 1611. Among these epigrams and sonnets are some addressed to Daniel, Ben Jonson, Marston, Hale and Fletcher, but, most valuable to us, one, No. 159, "to our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare." Davies' celebrated book on handwriting, "The Writing Schoolmaster or the Anatomy of Fair Writing," did not appear in print until 1633, many years after his death; it contained engraved specimens of various kinds of writing. Davies seems to have been a worthy and respectable person who was accepted by the great and noble in the position of somewhat humble companionship, which was as high a social position as the merely literary person of plebeian origin could hope to attain in those days. His permanent residence in Magdalen College, Oxford, however, as well as his high excellence in the art he taught, probably gave him a better position than that of a tutor, residing in great houses, and his dedications to successive generations of a family, particularly the ladies of certain great houses, such as the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, the Ladies Percy, the Countess of Bedford and her daughter, Elizabeth Lady

Cary, and others, would seem to show that Davies was persona grata to the Great Ladies of the time.

We may therefore fairly approach Davies' literary treatment of the actor Shakespeare with the presumption that he is likely to have expressed an opinion with regard to him which would be pleasing to his noble patrons rather than such as would be offensive or repellant to them. Now, we find that our friend, the writing master, discusses William Shakespeare as being both an actor and poet on no less than three occasions in three different poems published at three different times, two printed in Oxford during his residence at Magdalen, and the last in London while holding the charge of St. Dunstan's. Like most of the poets of his day he wrote in a somewhat obscure and artificially complex manner; but kinder to us than most of his contemporaries, he affixed for the most part to his poems marginal and sometimes terminal notes, telling us whom he meant, and explaining such obscurity as there might be in his allusions. The first of these references to Shakespeare is in the "Mirocosmos," published in 1603. It is in a stanza of nine lines. I have put the marginal notes as near as may be opposite to lines two and three where they belong.

	Players, I love you and your qualitie,
c	As ye are Men, that passtime not abus'd;
d	And some I love for painting, poesie,
	And say fell Fortune cannot be excus'd,
	That hath for better uses you refus'd,
	Wit, courage, good shape, Good Partes, and all good,
	As long as all these goods are no worse us'd;
	And though the stage doth stain pure, gentle blood,
	Yet generous you are in minde and moode.

and at the end: "'Roscius was said for his excellency in his qualitie to be only worthie to come on the stage and for his honesty to be more worthy than to come thereon." The marginal "c" is made to refer to the initials R.B., W.S. (evidently meaning Rich. Burbage and William Shakespeare, and the marginal "d" refers to this note, viz.: "Simonides saith that painting is a dumb poesy, and poesy a speaking painting."

This stanza and its notes seem to me the most instructive to be found in the literature of that day. We have first an expression of love for actors and their profession (the almost universal meaning of "quality" in the books of the time being the profession of an actor). Then in the second line we have a limitation of this affection to the players who do not

abuse the pastime of the stage, whom he then proceeds to particularize, as men who also were to be admired for painting and poetry; and to prevent our having any doubt as to whom the actor poet and actor painter were, he gives us their initials, R. B. and W. S., in the margin, following this mention with Simonides' graceful association of poetry and painting. Davies then goes on to express sympathy for these friends, because fortune had unhappily cast them in so unpropitious a sphere for their talents as the stage, and proceeds to laud them for their moral, mental and physical traits, above all praising them because, though the stage was apt to corrupt even those of gentle descent, they, R. B. and W. S., remained generous in mind and mood. His terminal note, speaking of the opinion held of Roscius in classic days, is the more pointed because Burbage was universally called, in the literature of the day, "the English Roscius," (modified by John Marston to "Roscio"). But there cannot be a doubt that R. B. is Shakespeare's fellow-player at the Globe, Richard Burbage, and W. S. the actor poet, Will Shakespeare. It is well known that Burbage, besides being the greatest actor of the time, was a successful painter in oils. Overbury said of him in his "Characters:" "He is much affected to painting and 'tis a question whether that makes him an excellent player, or his playing an excellent painter."

Middleton's epitaph bears the heading: "On the death of that great master in his art and quality, painting and playing, R. Burbage." The Warwick Castle manuscript of the elegy bears the further title: "On Mr. Richard Burbage, an excellent both player and painter." The poem contains also the statement that Burbage "could the best both limn and act my grief."

At Dulwich College is preserved an undoubted painting by Burbage presented by the actor Cartwright in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, and described by him in his own Catalogue, preserved among the College MSS., as "a woman's head on a board, done by Mr. Burbage ye actor." Cartwright's gift also contained a portrait of Burbage, supposed by some (but without sufficient authority) to be by himself. It was engraved in Hardinge's Shakespeare illustrated," 1793, and resembles the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare, which also, without sufficient ground, has been attributed to Burbage. It is clear, therefore, that John Davies knew whereof he spoke in celebrating R. B. as a painter as well as player; can there be any reasonable doubt that he was as well acquainted with W. S.'s merits as a poet? The stanza seems to me to show clearly an intimate personal acquaintance with both these actors, whom we know to have been

friends and comrades, and a distinctive appreciation of their superiority to the general company of their fellows. Even the praise of their personal appearance is interesting, and shows to my mind that Davies, and presumably his patrons, recognized that Burbage and Shakespeare were personally presentable and would have been acceptable in the best society but for the unfortunate drawback of their profession. Perhaps we may reasonably draw from the expression "good shape, good partes" a contradiction of the theory of Shakespeare's lameness which some critics have thought they found suggestion of in the Sonnets. If Shakespeare, so far from being a man of parts and culture, had been an ignorant rude clown, writing his name with difficulty, it cannot be that the writing master would not have taken notice of it. It is important also to recall in this connection that this stanza was written (as shown by the title page to the First Quarto) soon after Hamlet had been produced by the company of which Burbage and Shakespeare were members at the University of Oxford, so that Davies and many of his pupils had doubtless recently seen Burbage play Hamlet and Shakespeare the ghost of his murdered father. That the opinion expressed of Shakespeare and Burbage was not a floating expression, but a sober and fixed conclusion in John Davies' mind, is shown by his repetition of its substance in a stanza in his "Civils Wars of Death and Fortune," 1605. In this eight-line stanza, to which he added the marginal explanation: "Stage Plaies, showing the vices of the time," Davies seems to be more particularly occupied with the ill deeds and behaviour of many actors, but he was particularly to except from the condemnation his two old friends, whom he again designated by initials in the margin.

Some followed her by acting all men's parts,
These on a stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall,
And made them Mirrors, by their acting Arts,
Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small;
W.S., R.B. Yet some she guerdon'd not, to their desarts;
But other some, were ill-action'd all;
Who, while they acted ill, ill staid behinde,
(By custome of their manners) in their minde.

It is curious that Davies seems to have thought these players, whom he found to be bad men infected with the vices of the time, to be also bad actors. There is also a curious parallelism between nature setting players on the stage as mirrors of men's faults, and the more familiar description of the stage holding a mirror up to nature; but the most interesting line,

to us, is Davies' renewed expression of his opinion that Shakespeare and Burbage had been ill-treated by fortune and deserved more at her hands.

The most interesting reference of all, however, is in Davies' "Scourge of Folly," which appeared in 1611, after the writing master had been settled for three years in London as parson of St. Dunstan's; and where, from his residence in Martin's Lane, access to the Blackfriars or even the Globe would not have been difficult. This book of our friend Davies was defined on its title page as "Consisting of Satyricall Epigrammes, and others in honour of many noble and worthy persons of our land." In this collection, among a series of epigrams addressed to Daniel, Ben Jonson, Marston, Fletcher and others, is an epigram inscribed "To our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare." This address in itself would remind us of the frequent use of the abbreviation "Will" in the Sonnets, and imply a certain intimacy, which is made, I think, very clear by the language of the Epigram, which is again an eight-line Stanza.

> Some say (good Will) which I, in sport, do sing,
> Hads't thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport,
> Thou hads't bin a companion for a king,
> And beene a king among the meaner sort.
> Some others raile, but raile as they think fit,
> Thou hast no rayling but a raigning wit;
> And honestly thou sow'st, which they do reape,
> So, to increase their stock, which they do keepe.

This seems to me a very important contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare. It shows, first, a distinct intimacy, confirming what we had learned from the previous poems composed at Oxford. Second, it shows again the high esteem and affection entertained for Shakespeare the actor by Davies, who calls him "good Will" and praises his use of his wit for better purposes than railing, and praises it as well as his honesty. Third, it distinctly shows it was the player Shakespeare whom Davies considered the English Terence. Fourth, it gives us an interesting suggestion, which I have not noticed elsewhere; that, in his later years is the Theater, Shakespeare may have frequently taken the parts of kings on the stage. Fifth, we have the assertion from one who knew him well that "Will" Shakespeare's social and intellectual qualifications were such that, but for his unfortunate profession, he would have been a companion for kings and a king socially among all holding inferior rank. Now this tribute comes from one who not only knew Shakespeare intimately, but was, from his Oxford

life, familiar also with the nobility and highest gentry of England. The whole epigram is somewhat difficult of construction, but the last two lines are almost enigmatical. What is the honesty which Shakespeare sowed, and others reaped, thereby increasing their stock? It seems to me the reference may be to Shakespeare's dramas, which he honestly "sowed," that is, gave to the theaters, where others, that is, the managers and proprietors, reap the profits of their production, and added them to the stock of plays which they accumulated. We know that the property in the plays produced was by the custom of the day vested in the proprietors of the theater, and it would seem to me that Davies may be complimenting his' friend on his honest adherence to his bargain, and leaving the theater owners peaceably to reap the great subsequent gains from his plays, which they added to their stock, without attempting as others did to reap for himself part of the profit by surreptitious editions or unauthorized productions. If I am right in the interpretation of these lines, we have here a contemporaneous explanation of Shakespeare's supposed neglect of his plays, a neglect which has so much puzzled some modern writres; and the explanation is the simplest possible, viz.: that Shakespeare was a scrupulously honest man. With many of his plays he did not meddle or attempt to have them printed, merely because they did not belong to him but to the theater where they were produced, and his friend Davies praises him for this honest forbearance, in the same epigram in which he also compliments Shakespeare for his abstention from returning railing for railing, like so many of his contemporaries, and knowing how to use his wit for nobler purposes.

It is the theory of some modern writers that the actor, William Shakespeare, received in pecuniary and other gains a greater guerdon from fortune than his merits deserved; but John Davies, who knew him, thought otherwise, and his opinion was that the actor's intrinsic nobility of nature was such that, but for his unhappy profession, he would have attained the highest possible position, and that the money harvest his supposed writings brought him was an entirely inadequate reward for his merits and services to the world. Davies does not again mention Shakespeare by name. This is not remarkable, as the "Scourge of Folly" was published in the year of the burning of the Globe theater, and we know that, a year or two later, Shakespeare went back to Stratford for the last time, so that there was little opportunity for Davies having further intercourse with him. In the same year, however (1611), Davies, in another poem called "Paper's Complaint," makes pure white paper complain of the uses to which it is put; among others of being made a promoter of amorous passion by having

Venus and Adonis printed upon it; but he does not allude to the authorship of that poem.

Davies survived his friend, good Will Shakespeare, two years only, and died in London in 1618. His third wife survived him. He had remained unmarried while at Oxford, which was of course, necessary if he were a fellow of Magdalen, but he made good use of his liberty, after taking orders, as he seems to have taken to himself three wives in the space of ten years.

R. L. ASHHURST.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM

Conducted by EDWARD MERTON DEY, ESQ.

[Contributions to this Department need not be typewritten. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. Dey, Box 1063, St. Louis, Mo.]

(Halliwell-Phillipps said: "The true restoration of a single line in Shakespeare is well worth the best volume of any other English writer." Serious students of the actual text of the Plays have for one of their aims the correction of erroneous readings or explanations. Facilities for thorough research have greatly increased in recent years and it is hoped that this Department will be an additional means of fostering painstaking study through the interchange of opinion. Such editions as the "Cambridge" and the "New Variorum" discourage hasty conjecture, but the wealth of information which the labors of Wright and Furness have placed within the reach of all makes satisfactory study possible and is the greastest aid to independent thought.—E. M. D.)

I. "ROMEO and JULIET," III. iii. 26.—

hath rusht aside the Law,
(Folio)

Dowden's note on "rush'd" is as follows: "Capell conjectured *push'd*; Collier (MS) has *brush'd*. Schmidt explains 'rush'd aside' as *eluded*, comparing 'Measure for Measure,' I. iv. 63; 'have run by the hideous law.' The illustration does not fit the case. "*Run by* (eluded) the hideous law" is said of wrongdoing that has escaped punishment, while "*rusht aside* the law" is said of the prince who suspended the operation of the law. Retaining the

idea in "aside" (to one side), I believe there is a more plausible conjecture for "rusht" than either "push'd" or "brush'd," and that we should read *thrust*, the error, for the most part, to be explained by the theory of absorption, "hath thrust," through a mishearing, taking the form of "hath rusht." After *th* of "thrust" had been merged with the preceding "hath," the remaining *rust* was transformed into "rusht."

E. M. D.

II. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," I. iii. 68—

Examined my parts with most judicious oeillades.

This apparently is no misprint, as it is used again in "Lear," IV. v. 25:

She gaves strange oeillades and most speaking looks.

This strange word in both contexts assumes a precisely equivalent meaning, viz.: illicit or improper glances. Bartlett, in his Concordance, assumes that there is a singular of this plural, and gives the word as "oeillade." If an accidental misprint for "eyebrows," it is all but incredible that such an accident should have occurred precisely alike, at two such remote distances, twice in the course of the plays. And to conjecture, as does Pope, that it may be a misprint for "Iliads" is, in my opinion, quite too absurd. By giving this singular plural as singular, Mr. Bartlett has still more perplexed us. Will New Shakespeareana please throw some light on the matter?

William Frisbie Jennings.

Boston, Mass.

Your correspondent who inquires about "oeillades" in the "Merry Wives" and "Lear" uses a modern edition. In the First Folio Falstaff says "illiads" and Regan says "eliads." The most frequent spelling in the quartos is "aliads." Pope is said to have thought that perhaps Falstaff meant *eyelids*. But Rowe, the first editor proper, recognized the French *oeillade* and printed "oeiliads" for Shakespeare's way of Anglicizing. In French the word is familiar. In old Cotgrave's French-English dictionary it is defined: "Oeillade; An amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustful iest, or passionate cast of the eye, a Sheepes eye." It is from French *oeil*, eye, like *ogle* from Dutch *oog*, eye. Shakespeare's word is in all the great American dictionaries. The Stanford dictionary gives fives examples of its use in English, of which the first is from Greene, A.D. 1592: from him Shakespeare may have picked it up; we shall see when the great Historical Dictionary reaches it.

F. A. March.

Lafayette College.

Pope's spelling *oeiliads* as "iliads" strikes Mr. Jenings as "too absurd." It might seem less so if he had noted that it is identical with the form of the word in all but one if the first four folio editions, and that, in Furness's variorum, the same vocable is shown printed by different editors in nine different ways. The singular of the word is a real entity and Bartlett had therefore good reason to "assume it." Lexicographers are wont to start with singular forms. Bartlett's orthography is oeillades because copied from the "Globe" edition of 1891 which is his standard as he tells us.

Many Shakesperian terms—especially if like oeiliads, of foreign extraction—were Greek to the groundlings in his theater, and to some who sat higher. Expressions of this sort are accordingly preceded or followed oftentimes by others which bring out their true inwardness. If "she gave strange oeiliads" is a dark saying, the clause "and speaking looks" leaves it no longer obscure. Thus words are known by the company they keep and an author is his own best interpreter. But what is the genesis of oeiliads? or how did Shakespeare hit upon it? is a natural question and is one of a class which has multiplied ever since 1846 when Mrs. Clarke's Concordance demonstrated Shakespeare's vocabulary to be more multitudinous than that of any other author. The word oeiliads had been used before 1602 when it was uttered by Falstaff in "Merry Wives," as by Greene who died in 1592. If Shakespeare did not adopt the term from Greene, or learn it of some player from abroad, he must have read it in some French book—probably in the French Plutarch (Life of Sylla) which he could not have failed to consult many times in the elaboration of his four classical dramas.

James Davie Butler.

Madison, Wis.

I do not think the quotation presents great difficulty. "Oeillade" is the French expression for a furtive glance given discreetly or with some timidity or hesitation. The plural presents a somewhat different idea. "Oeillades" signifies what is meant in English by the word "ogling" accompanied by some impertinence or at least boldness.

"Lancer une oeillade" is known in colloquial English as casting sheeps eyes;

"Lancer des oeillades," ogling impudently, as stated.

Without stopping to comment upon this illustration of Shakespeare's marvellous selection of the proper word to express his thought, in choosing the plural rather than the singular from, let me say that this reading is quite in keeping with Falstaff's character; his boasting vanity leading him

to think that a mere look from a woman meant that she was in love with him, and for that reason he would be likely to say to his companions that Mistress Page, in glancing at him, had done so with boldness and suggestion. I think this interpretation is borne out by the context, where Falstaff says (although speaking of Ford's wife),—

> "I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation."

His speech following the quotation given by Mr. Jennings supports this view:

> "O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass!"

I am at a loss to understand how it may have been thought that "oeillades" could be misunderstood, either as a typographical or translated error for "eyebrows."

S. A. Boyle.

Philadelphia, Pa.

III. 'Macbeth,' I. vii. 2-4.—

> If th' Assassination
> Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
> With his surcease, Successe:

Liddell ('Elizabethan' edition), while covering other points in the passage, neglects to notice in his comment the last word. This, I believe, is one of the instances in Shakespeare where "success" means *succession* ('Winter's Tale,' I. ii. 394; 2 Hy. IV., IV. ii. 47). Macbeth is balancing the chances for and against his securing by the meditated deed the succession of the crown to himself and his line.

E. M. D.

IV. 'The Tempest,' II. i. 231-8.—

> Thus, sir:
> Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
> Who shall be of as little memory
> When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded—
> For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
> Professes to persuade—the king his son's alive,
> 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
> As he that sleeps here swims.

Morton Luce (Dowden edition) gives the following note on "only Professes to persuade": "more forced than usual as the gloss on a former phrase ('For he's a spirit of persuasion'); we may interpret, 'To persuade is all his art, as it is all his office'? But here again is a difficulty—perhaps unsolved, and perhaps insoluble. With the play as it stands the reference is to Gonzalo; but it was the single-speech Francisco who tried (lines 113-122) to persuade the king that his son was alive."

The object, of course, of Antonio's entire speech is to discredit the evidence of Ferdinand's having escaped drowning. Francisco has told of Ferdinand's apparently successful efforts to reach the shore, and it is this account which Antonio attacks in "this Lord of weak remembrance,"—that is, did not remember the facts as they really were. Then comes the sneer at Francisco's position—the world would remember him with as little accuracy when he was gone ("who shall be of as little memory when he is earth'd"). This latter could hardly have been said of the "Noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo"; nor could the former, as Gonzalo had merely tried to comfort and divert the mind of the king, not to persuade him of the unreality of his loss. Antonio then says that Francisco is a mere "spirit of persuasion," whose end and aim is persuasion, having no substance of fact—"only professes to persuade." And in this I do not believe Antonio questions that Francisco sincerely desires to persuade the king, and so relieve his distress, but that he "only professes (asserts a belief in order) to persuade."

E. M. D.

V. "The Tempest," II. i. 275-280.—

> Seb. But for your conscience.
> Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
> 'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
> This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
> That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
> And melt ere they mollest:

After briefiy reviewing previous conjecture, Luce concludes: "I think the simplest solution is to take 'candied' in the sense of 'Candied tongue' in 'Hamlet,' III. ii. 65, where it means 'the tongue of the flatterer'; a tongue 'honeying at the whisper of a lord'; then 'melt' merely completes the metaphor."

Antonio means, "There are a twenty consciences [of those high in state, whom it was necessary to win over] that stand 'twixt me and 'absolute

Milan,' but they are reduced to a condition of torpor, and must become active ere they molest me." Antonio first disposes of the question as to his own conscience, and then turns to that of consciences in general—that is, disclaims any such inconvenient possession, and offers his success in wholesale corruption as proof that he is not singular in this respect.

In the word "candied" there is doubtless a hint as to the method of treatment—the opposite of acerbity—by which these consciences were reduced to the desired state.

E. M. D.

VI. 'King Lear,' III. vii. 59-65.—

> The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
> In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up
> And quench'd the stelled fires:
> Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
> If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
> Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key,'
> All cruels else subscribed:

W. J. Craig (Dowden edition) pronounces for "dearn" of the Quarto instead of "stern," the Folio reading on the ground that the latter is the weaker term. The selection seems unhappy in view of the description given in the text. There is no explanation of the crux that has occasioned the most discussion on this passage: To what does "else" refer? As stated in 'Notes and Queries,' the late Dr. Spence agreeing with me in the main, I should read, "All cruels (cruel things, agents of cruelty) else (other than the cruelty of that stern time) subscrib'd (forgiven)." The idea to be brought out is the extreme cruelty of the storm, which is done by saying that every other form of cruelty in comparison, even that of wolves, at such a time shrinks into insignificance, and that they are entitled as living creatures to shelter. The point of the comparison is lost if we do not refer "else" to "that stern time." Also compare IV. vii. 36-8:—

> Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire.

Regarding the question whether we shall understand the address to the porter to be "Good porter, turn the key, All cruels else subscribe" (following Furness, and reading "subscribe" of folios), or take the address to be "Good porter, turn the key," and read "subscrib'd" of the quartos, as "else"

would seem to refer to another part of Gloucester's speech ("that stern time") not included in the address to the porter, it would not seem proper to include in that address the line "All cruels else subscrib'd."

E. M. D.

VII. 'King Lear,' IV. iii. 31-3.—

> There she shook
> The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
> And clamour mointen'd.

Craig explains, under "clamour-moisten'd": "having her emotion calmed by a flood of tears, as the storm is assuaged by a shower of rain. See 'Macbeth,' I. vii. 25:

> 'And pity . . .
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown the wind.'

If we do not hyphen the expression, we must take 'moisten'd' as the past tense."

I believe Capell directs us to the proper explanation when he says, "'Clamour' may stand for the exclamation preceding which Cordelia 'moistens' with the tears which followed them instantly," although the remainder of his remark, in substance, "allayed with tears her grief ready to burst out into clamour, as winds are allayed by rain," shows he missed the complete thought. While "clamour" and "tears" are different manifestations of the same grief, the former was not in keeping with Cordelia's manner, which was to bear her grief in silence, and she immediately *sanctified* her resentment by *moistening* the clamour with "the *holy water* from her *heavenly* eyes." The word "shook" will also have a peculiar significance for those familiar with the ceremony of Asperges at High Mass. The references in these lines appear unmistakable.

E. M. D.

VIII. 'Julius Caesar,' I. ii. 72.—

> Were I a common Laughter,
> (Folio)

Under "laughter" N.E.D. gives the variant "lawter." I believe that the compositor supposed he heard the word "lawter," and accordingly set up "laughter." See Ingleby's "Shakespeare Hermeneutics," page 157, where the words are given as interchangeable—("laughter, lafter, lawter"), Neither "laughter" nor "lawter," with the meaning assignable, is appro-

priate—"common laughter," a laughing stock; "lawter," a setting of eggs laid at one time—or any allusion derivable therefrom. Cassius is trying to prove his sincerity in praising Brutus; as Wright says, "he appeals here to what Brutus knows of his habits of speech,"—he is not a common praiser. I believe that for "laughter" (lawter) we should read *lauder*.

E. M. D.

Marginalia

Serious Matters and Things at Stratford-on-Avon. "We have no Minister to whom that Department of Human Activity is assigned" said Premier Balfour when a member of Parliament called attention to the demolition on Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, of certain ancient dwellings to make room for a Carnegie Library in that town. Commentating on the failure of British conservatism—which perpetuates the candlestick, the toilsome staircase and the cellar dining-room, and such like institutions of its forefathers—to conserve matters of national taste or history, the London *Globe* remarks: "If the government could interpose to prevent vandalism, or if there were a Minister of Taste, at the Head of a Department of Taste, to whom could be referred questions constantly arising as to things and places worthy of careful preservation, national monuments, famous pieces of national scenery, objects of the greatest historical importance might be cared for by an educated public opinion." But how would the grand old British Constitution survive a minister de gustibus! It is in the nature of things—rather, perhaps it is the means of educating "an educated public opinion"—that these things must be. Precisely the same agitation (it continued, if we remember rightly, for the better part of twenty years), produced the Birth-place trust, engineered to final success by Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, of blessed memory. The New York Shakespeare Society encountered the same annoyances in attempting to save the Poe cottage, and its measure of success in establishing Poe Park—and at least preventing the demolition, if it did not itself succeed in purchasing for a public shrine, the cottage itself—is proof that no effort is thrown away, even if there be no national bureau of taste.

Two "desecrations" have been, and yet are, rocking Shakespeare's Stratford-upon-Avon to its base. Heretofore these "desecrations" have been contented to arrive one at a time.

The first arises from the circumstance that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has lately presented to Stratford one of the chain of libraries with which his munificence has enriched so many localities. We do not believe that Mr. Carnegie had the slightest idea or dream of interfering with, much less supplanting, the halo of Stratford-on-Avon, the Mecca—for we know of no better term than the stereotyped one—of English poetry, romance and national pride. Said Mr. Carnegie himself in a recent address to the townsmen:

"When we come here we feel in this gentle, quiet atmosphere that it is this and not America, that produced Shakespeare, our common king. Shakespeare has been more to me than my Bible. The birthplace of Shakespeare is to me the most sacred spot in the world, more sacred than the Holy Sepulchre itself. Shakespeare taught me more than all other books put together. I have dreamed of that birthplace all my life." And one report goes on to say "Mr. Carnegie indignantly repudiated the charge made by some enthusiasts here that he was profaning Stratford-on-Avon by his scheme for building a library here. This scheme will not only involve measures for securing Shakespeare's house against fire, but, according to Mr. Carnegie, 'will make the sacred birthplace more beautiful,' which is his desire."

But meanwhile the late Mayor of Stratford, who had accepted Mr. Carnegie's gift for the municipality, had, it seems, designated a site for the library edifice on Henley street, adjoining the house known and accepted by all christendom as Shakespeare's birthplace. To do this certain other houses were, of course, necessarily designated for demolition in that narrow little thoroughfare. Among them, one, which has now ascertained to have been built not later than the year 1563, though at first supposed to be only "early Victorian." At any rate, in that year, the year before Shakespeare's birth, the dwelling was occupied by one Gilbert Bradley, glover; in 1577, it passed to one William Wilson, and, a small part of it being damaged by fire, this individual got a "renewal of lease," on easier terms, to enable him to put the place right again, on December 16, 1595. On August 17, 1610, it passed to a Thomas Greene, of Bishopton, yeoman, and it is suggested that this personage may have been Shakespeare's own cousin, who was also a Thomas Greene. In 1615 and 1618, the same Thomas Greene, with Elizabeth, his wife, renewed the lease of the house, and on July 6, 1662, we find it in the possession of "Thomas Greene, the elder, gent." The place has, therefore, the merit of having stood where it is now, through the whole of Shakespeare's lifetime, and deserves to be spared. This house, as

is often the case with houses of the date, further appears to have been built over or about, or to have incorporated still older dwelling, and possesses a finely timbered roof of massive black oak beams centuries old, some of the rafters being from a foot to fourteen inches in thickness. "The comparatively modern frontage," says an investigator, "ought not to condemn it, considering how that difficulty was surmounted in the case of the birthplace itself, which had been pulled about by generations of private owners before it became the property of the nation."

The destruction of this house seemed too bold a vandalism, and Miss Mary Corelli, a resident of Stratford, came to the rescue. Whatever criticism Miss Corelli's career may have previously evoked, there is no doubt but that she has the sympathy of her own countrymen and of us in America (who have done so much to remember Stratford-on-Avon and keep it holy.) Recounting the facts, Miss Corelli asks:

"If the lovers and students of Shakespeare do not step forward to protect and save the few remaining relics of their great Master, who is to guard them for future generations? But that vandalism is the rule rather than the exception in Stratford (or has been, up to the present) will be realized by the fact that, though an Act of Parliament exists (54 Vict. c. 3) whereby the 'Trustees and Guardians' are told that they 'shall purchase' the 'house at Wilmcote, known as the house of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother,' as well as 'all other property' known or believed 'to have belonged to Shakespeare, or his wife, parents and relations,' purchase has never been attempted in the case of Mary Arden's home, for the quaint old cottage has been turned into three cheap 'tenement dwellings,' and its former rustic and picturesque beauty utterly destroyed." A contributor to the New Liberal Review, pursuing the matter, asks his question thus:

Why, if you must have free books in Stratford-on-Avon, pull down a Tudor house and deface Shakespeare's street to gain your library? Why pull down the world's property instead of keeping an honorable trust and restoring it to its original beauty? Why associate the names of Carnegie and Shakespeare in the same street? And why not remember that there is a Memorial Theatre and Library at Stratford already, which building is shut up for months in the year? A few extra books and an assistant librarian would complete a Carnegie Library. It is cleaned and lighted and warmed already; in fact, here, out of the way of sentiment, but in the middle of usefulness, is the very place. If not that, there is a house opposite to this which would comfortably house all the novels Stratford can read. Would not the Mayor, instead of uprooting an historic street, allow either of these

to be used and Mr. Carnegie allow a portion of his money to be used in restoring that Tudor house in Henley street? Even from the lowest standpoint, that of business, it is commercially valuable to keep the old town as quaint and genuine as possible." (And to this latter, at least, each true-born Englishman can assent).

Later on, Miss Corelli returned to the subject and claimed that a proposal to swallow up and build into the modern brick and mortar of the Free Library this old genuine building, is worse, if possible, than the first project of tearing it down altogether, as it could at least, in that case, have been re-erected elsewhere. And now an item in the London Standard presents the latest information.

"The Shakespeare Birthday Trustees held a meeting at Stratford-on-Avon yesterday afternoon, and decided to retain two of the four cottages presented to them by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the purpose of adding the site to Shakespeare's Garden. The cottages, which have been the cause of much controversy, have been found to possess a good deal of ancient timber work of early sixteenth century date, so the order for their demolition has been cancelled."

Miss Corelli addressed a large audience on this subject the other evening, opening her speech with some tart remarks concerning Mr. Carnegie. She said that "Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, small, simple and lovable —the one street in the world to lovers of literature—was threatened with demolition and desecration. She did not oppose the establishment of a free library. She only objected to the introduction of any such modern inferior goods into Henley street, which for three centuries had contained that great national institution, the birthplace of William Shakespeare. The protest was against the destruction of any buildings in that street, particularly such old and valuable ones as were seen and known by Shakespeare, and were therefore priceless in the present day to the literary and dramatic world. She pleaded specially for the quaint little half timbered dwelling of one Thomas Green, once Town Clerk of Stratford and cousin of Shakespeare himself. She wanted the public and the press to be on their guard against misleading information constantly sent out on this subject. On Saturday, for example, there appeared the statement "cottages saved." They were not saved. Two of them could not be pulled down because they were genuine Shakespearian objects. They were, however, to be practically destroyed by the addition of sham antique fronts. The other two cottages next to that of Thomas Green were already nearly levelled to the groud. Irreparable injury threatened the cottage of Shakespeare's cousin, which was to be embedded in the

free library. She earnestly requested that a committee might be formed to inquire into the case she put forward. She maintained that the culpable ignorance and carelessness of the executive committee of the Shakespearean Trust proved that the time had come when their national duty should be taken up by a wider, more educated and more Shakespearean body. An appeal to Parliament for the preservation of Henley street was being sent out for signature, and there was every reason to believe that it would be received with favor." The result of this appeal we noted at the head of this article.

The second Jeremiad at "Desecration at Stratford-on-Avon" is the familiar one. We find it in a contemporary of August 24th, 1902: "The gross vulgarization of that place—the shop in the church lobby, the overcharging of visitors, and the air of paltry meanness which rests over this profitable monument to the Shakespeare idea." The writer continues: "Stratford is an ugly little village in a lovely neighborhood, but its ugliness has been vastly increased in the last generation by the efforts of people to advertise themselves and their wares in pretending to honor Shakespeare. The glaring brick Memorial Hall is unfortunately now a fact, but something might be done to alleviate the ugliness of the place by closing the unnecessary theatre and removing certain so-called memorials which do not belong there, and crowd Stratford's few literary and artistic treasures.

"The desecration of the church at Stratford-on-Avon is one of the abuses there which is causing indignation. It has been described as 'almost a national scandal.' A fixed fee is charged for admission, and, as is natural under the circumstances, the visitors, led to regard the place as a show, treat it in this way, and talk, laugh, take photographs and eat sandwiches in the building without protest from the authorities." A writer to the London Times said recently: "The sacred building is turned into a house of merchandise, and the whole show is run on the vulgar lines of a catch-penny and money-making exhibition. It is hard to believe that the Bishop and Archdeacon can be aware of this desecration. If it is allowable at Stratford there seems no reason why every vicar in the diocese should not open his church as an exhibition hall for pictures, or a book-store for the sale of books, photographs and other fancy stationery more or less connected with his church. A very large sum of money must be collected in this unrighteous and illegal way, and what is done with it is of very small moment. I have no doubt that the vicar and church wardens lay the flattering unction to their souls that the money so earned is well spent."

"If it is spent in the so-called restoration they cannot be congratulated

on the result. Restoration at Stratford means the sweeping away of everything that could have had any connection with Shakespeare—filling the fine windows with poor glass (some quite hideous), and erecting a black and white pulpit which is of good workmanship, but a marvel of expensive ugliness.

"If the vicar and church wardens really cannot run the show with more decency, let them confess their weakness and give it up. Let them stop all sacred services, and hand over the building to the government as a national memorial, and then let them build for themselves a new parish church, which will be treated with the reverence and respect which is now happily given to all English parish churches."

Of course, all this is aimed at the unhappy vicar, the Rev. George Arbuthnot, who, by this time, must be uncomfortable enough to satisfy even his dearest friends on the Rochefoucauldian principle. Truly, a parochial life is not a bed of roses, especially if the parish happens to be a Shrine! But as Dr. Arbuthnot is living and in vigorous enjoyment of his faculties, we have requested him to speak to our readers for himself with the following result:

TO THE EDITORS OF NEW SHAKESPEAREANA—Gentlemen:

I am much obliged for your courteous letter which I have received this morning. I do not, as a rule, care to answer attacks in the public press, but in answer to your request I send you a card which gives particulars as to admission to Stratford Church. You will see from it that no charge is made except to those who come as sightseers, and inasmuch as their visits entail the constant attendance of two custodians, whose salary amounts to over £100 a year, besides a large amount of cleaning, I think it is reasonable that they should be made to pay something towards these expenses. I may add that the Bishop of the diocese has expressed his approval of the course we pursue, and his opinion is based upon his previous experience as a canon of Westminster Abbey. A church which is visited by many thousands of excursionists cannot be controlled by the same rules as those which would apply to an ordinary parish church.

As regards the sale of souvenirs, it is entirely confined to the porch, with the exception of a small guide book which the custodians are allowed to supply to those who ask for it inside the church, as I believe that the possession of such a thing tends to increase the interest of a visit, and as no one is obliged to take it unless he likes.

This is all I have to say in answer to your enquiries. If I were to an-

swer all the attacks upon my administration of this parish, I should not have time to do the work which demands my attention. Once more thanking you for your courtesy, I remain yours faithfully,

GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

The Vicarage, Stratford-on-Avon, April 24, 1903.

The card enclosed is as follows:

COLLEGIATE CHURCH, Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon. Daily Services: Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 A. M., Mattins at 10.15 A. M., Choral Evensong at 5 P. M. A Custodian is in attendance in Summer from 8.30 A. M. to 7 P. M.; in Winter from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. He is instructed to admit, without charge, all parishioners and friends in their company, all who wish to pray or meditate in silence in the nave, all residents in the neighbourhood bringing visitors, for whom payment is made, all clergy-

THE COTTAGES THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION.

men, with their families or choirs, on presentation of their visiting cards.

Visitors who are desirous of entering the chancel, and seeing Shakespeare's Grave, are expected to pay 6d. each (or, in the case of parties of

not less than 20, 3d. each), towards the expenses of keeping the church and churchyard in order and maintaining the services.

This charge is made with the knowledge and sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese, GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, VICAR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

We are able to present a picture of the dwellings proposed to be razed (the open-timbered gable shown being the Birth-place), and our readers can judge for themselves (if, that is, building lots in Warwickshire are still procurable) whether they ought—even if only "early Victorian," to perish utterly to make room for a depositum for twentieth century historical fiction. But, when all is said, it seems to us that Mr. Carnegie has acted with delicacy and with honor in the whole affair! He has, we learn, stipulated that his name should not be bestowed upon the building at all, but that it should be known as "The Stratford Free Public Library." As the maintenance of the library is to fall upon the town rates—which are, of course, modest since ratable values in the little town are small—it would appear that nothing of the picturesque attractions of Shakespeare's precinct ought to be obliterated for a building of such modest dimensions as seems required and obtainable.

PROFESSOR MARK HARVEY LIDDELL'S "Elizabethan Shakespeare" is before us in its initial volume, the Macbeth, one of the three shortest of his plays, and if the late Mr. Joseph Gargery were living, he should be beside himself with delight. "Lord," said Jo, rubbing his knee, "when you do come to a J, and a O, and says: At last here is a J, O, JO!' How interestin' readin' is!" Mr. Gargery could have found no fault with the capital letters in Professor Liddell's "Elizabethan Shakespeare." And the few lonesome lines of Shakespeare's text—modest little cantons buried in their huge Black Forests of capitals, would scarcely have interrupted his enjoyment. Not to infringe upon the copyright, we are reduced to a minimum sample from half a page of the Macbeth only.

> This seal'd-up coun- **L.L.L. III. I.** 169 (**N.E.D. I** a). **INGREDIENCE** is an **EL.E.** spelling of 'ingredients,' and means 'mixture' **N.E.D. I.** a. 13 **AS**, 'because I am,' cp. 1. 6. 12; Macbeth was Duncan's cousin, see 1. 2. 24. 17 **FACULTIES**, 'authority' (**N.E.D. II**), a legal term glossed in Cowel's Law Dictionary,

This, we sadly fear, is all the law allows us. But no copyright law can cabin or confine our imagination compassing, or struggling to compass, the area in square miles of this sort of thing when massed in forty

volumes—about 12x14 each in superficial area and two or three hundred pages thick! Even the publishers themselves feel that it is too good to be true! But they yet assure us that our eyes are not deceiving us! Of the editor (Professor Liddell), after leaving a prominent American university, so long ago as the year 1878, they tell us "his graduate study in English was made [sic] under the personal supervision of the late Professor Zupita of the University of Berlin." Mr. Richard Grant White was wont to say that your German professor of English would dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up muddier than any other Shakespearean commentator! But it would be only mixing metaphors to quote Mr. White in dilating upon the charms of the late Professor Zupita! Suffice it to say that Professor Liddell has been personally conducted through the black forest of f. f. caps, and has even bettered his conductor!

Professor Liddell has not, however, left the entire prospectus of this wondrous edition to his publishers. In "The World's Work," a serial whose advertising pages set forth the glories and the costliness of the Elizabethan Shakespeare (the set, when completed can be furnished in the best binding for $500.00; but for students whose circumstances bespeak economy, an edition with precisely the same opulence of fat face caps, will be provided at the nominal sum of $250.00), Professor Liddell himself speaks under the caption "Why is Shakespeare not Understood? Our Greatest Literature Neglected because of its Unintelligibility." (The World's Work, March, 1903). He remarks:

> "Time has so changed idiom, the meaning of words and the manner of English thought, that what was as clear to Elizabethan theatre-goers as Pinero's dramas to an audience of to-day is fogged for modern readers with baffling unintelligibility. Thus, lurking in the mind of the ordinary reader, even one who feels the mighty power of Shakspere's literature, is a haunting subconsciousness that Shakspere is 'hard reading.' With modern scientific scholarship equipped by recent research to tell us to the full just what Shakspere conveys—beginning, indeed, to give us Shakspere's Shakspere without slips and errors and nods and stupid transliterations and respellings—the opening of a new century should give us a Shakspere revival in America as enthusiastic as that in the early part of the last century in England."

From which we infer that when Mr. Liddell arrives at so baffling a crux as, for example, "Violets, pale, but sweeter than the lids of Junos eyes," it will be clarified for "the ordinary reader" something in this wise:

Violets—cf MND. II. ii. 166. LL. V. ii. 904. MND. II i 250. T. N. L i 6. C IV. ii. 172. H. IV v. 184 lids TN. I. v. 266. C. II ii. 20.T, C, I ii 228 H I ii. 70. J, s Eyes, P. V. i 112.

> "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, who, unhappily, never lived to know Professor Zupita, "notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stop at correction or explanation."

And we grieve to find that even yet there are living writers of books who have not escaped the density of Dr. Johnson's ignorance! Open Mr. Phin's "New Glossary" and listen to him, here on the actual threshold of the Twentieth Century! "There is not a single Shakespeare play, which, as a whole, cannot be easily understood by anyone who has a fair common school education, without any aid from glossary or commentatory * * * however there may be here and there a few words now obsolete, for explanation of which reference must be had to a special glossary or to one of the larger dictionaries." (We tremble all the more because, as it happens, we happen to agree thoroughly with Mr. Phin.) As to Professor Liddell's prophecy that we may yet have in this opening century (inferentially when the Elizabethan Shakespeare is completed) a "Shakespeare revival in America," etc., the New York *Tribune* remarks: "By all means, only let us have it without too much fuss." Possibly the *Tribune* was thinking of Sir James Prior's description of the Shakespeare revival "in the early part of the last century in England." "Editors and commentators appear at every turn in all societies. In the club-house we meet three or four of a morning; in the park see them meditating by the Serpentine or under a tree in Kensington Gardens; no dinner-table is without one or two; in the theater you view them by the dozens. Volume after volume is poured out in note, comment, conjecture, new reading, statement, misstatment, contradiction. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers report these with as little mercy on the reader, and give occasional emendations of their own." Every new aspirant in this struggle aim to push his predecessor from his throne!

Let us then gird our loins and forth to the melee, for verily this monstrous, this cruel neglect of great Shakespeare must cease! To think that not a semester passes in the civilized world without the launching of a new

edition, or the reprint of an old edition of the plays; that not an evening dawns but somewhere in christendom some one of them is presented upon a living stage, and that not a book or a newspaper is uttered from the press in which the name of Shakespeare, or a quotation from his plays does not present itself; and then to think—well, what shall we think? We await completion of the Elizabethan Shakespeare with a fearful joy! *Ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet!* Young Mr. Liddell takes himself too seriously! Commentating upon Shakespeare should, of course, be something more than s'amuser avec la moutarde; should doubtless be earnest and conscientious, and all that! But it is not a matter of the Bloody Assizes! It need not be as tense, as awful and as strenuous as Life itself! George Steevens, the Puck of commentators, was no less valuable because he got a little fun out of it by running in all his most outrageously risky notes over the names of the Rev. Richard Amner and the Rev. John Collins (dear old Dominies whom he did not truly love)! We hope Mr. Liddell will not square himself with us for this Review by capitalizing us in future Elizabethan Shakespeares! But, while we admit that Shakespeare Commentary is not all beer and skittles, there is no utility in making it a weariness to the flesh!

Who was John Benson, the author of the address "To the Reader" in the 1640 edition of the Sonnets? What was he driving at when he affirmed that those most obscure and perplexing verses which now constitute, as Sir Henry Irving says, the greatest literary problem of the age, were "serene," "clear," "plain" and "no intricate or cloudy stuff" to "perplex your brain?" Did Benson know the allusive secret of the Sonnets, and was he laughing up his sleeve at the intellectual gymnastics his readers would have to undergo to find the meaning of those excruciatingly simple verses? Benson must have been a book-seller and not a publisher, for these "Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent," were "Printed at London by Tho. Cotes and are to be sold by John Benson." Cotes also printed the second, or 1632, Folio of the Plays. Why were sonnets eighteen and nineteen, those trumpet blasts of self praise, omitted from Benson's edition? Why, also, were omitted the beautiful number forty-three with its conceits upon the subject of shadows and dreams; number fifty-six, one of the most beautiful sonnets in the whole collection, upon the separation of the poet from his love; numbers seventy-five, seventy-six, and ninety-six, and lastly number one hundred and twenty-six, the closing verse of the first principal part into which the sonnets are divided? Benson must have had before him the original 1609

imprint in which the verses were undoubtedly carefully arranged and numbered. Why did he re-arrange them into little groups bearing fanciful titles? Benson's "Address" is worthy of more than one perusal, and, as Mr. Massey says, has never had sufficient attention directed to it. The following is the address:

"To the Reader:—I here presume, under favour, to present to your view some excellent and sweetly composed poems of Master William Shakespeare, which in themselves appear of the same purity the author himself, then living, avouched! They had not the fortune, by reason of their infancy in his death, to have the due accommodation of proportionable glory with the rest of his ever-living works. Yet the lines will afford you a more *authentic approbation* than my assurance any way can to invite your allowance; in your perusal you shall find them serene, clear, elegantly plain,—such gentle strains as shall recreate and not perplex the brain. No intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle your intellect, but perfect eloquence, such as will raise your admiration to his praise. This assurance will not differ from your acknowledgements, and certain I am my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing lines. I have been somewhat solicitous to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men, and in so doing glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved author in these his poems."

This address raises several perplexing questions. Under whose "favor" did Benson present these "sweetly composed poems?" Why does he speak of the "purity" which appears "in themselves" of these notoriously salacious verses? Was he aware of their absolute purity, in their inner or perspective meaning, but which was masked by the "suspect of ill?" We are also given an interesting piece of information in the statement that the purity of these sonnets was "avouched" by their author while he was living. To whom was the author obliged to vouch for the purity of these sonnets? Was it to Benson, at least twenty-four years before the latter had them reprinted? If not, how did Benson know about this avouchment? How did the "infancy" of the sonnets at the time of Shakespeare's death deprive them of the "proportionable glory" of the plays? They were seven years old when Shakespeare died. Why are we referred to the lines themselves for the "authentic approbation" which even Benson's "assurance" could not give? Was it because Benson knew that the great object of the sonnets was to give a true tribute of praise to the poet's own Genius, and which could only be done behind a mask and by a separation between

the poet and his art, without ill-mannered egotism?—which even caused the poet to exclaim:

> Oh how thy work *with manners* may I sing,
> When thou art all the *better part of me?*
> What can *mine own praise* to mine own self bring;
> And what is't but *mine* own when I praise thee?
> Even *for this*, let us divided live,
> And our dear love lose name of single one,
> That *by this separation* I may give
> That due to thee which thou deservs't alone.

How could Benson expect these sonnets, if literally construed, to "raise admiration to their author's praise?" Nothing has done more to besmirch and drag down the poet's reputation. And yet, true it is, that when this marvellous perspective writing is viewed aright, the lines afford their own "authentic approbation,"—that approbation which will make them the great literary wonder for all time and confer upon their author the most radiant crown of immortal fame that ever encircled poet's brow?

F. C. Hunt.

"Let me write the Book-reviews of a People and I care not who writes the books," cried the Sage, and he might have added, "or what is written in those books." We believe it was Appleton Morgan who defined a book-reviewer as "Anybody around the printing office who happened to be unoccupied at the time!" Such a definition might at least account for that absolute impartiality for which the book-reviewing craft are famous. To be handicapped by no knowledge in particular as to the subject matter of a book ought to be quite as effective a safeguard against prejudice as the expedient of not opening the book at all (which we remember was Sidney Smith's precaution against possible bias). But here, at last, is something even better than an unprejudiced book-reviewer: namely, an honest one! Touchin' on and appertainin' to Judge Webb's "Mystery of William Shakespeare," the literary editor of *The New Ireland Review* for June, 1902, says: "To go into the constant misinterpretations of evidence, which our pencil has marked on page after page of this book, would require more space and labor than we propose to waste upon any Baconian." *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Guerre!* While this book-reviewer is being honest, he does not care a picaroon if all the world and his wife are catching Baconianism! Indeed, our pages for the last two years,

and our Book Department in this issue assure us of it, just because book-reviewers will be honest. This pesky Baconian question has, it appears, devoured every other literary question in Christendom. We hear no more even of burning problems of split infinitives or of distributive pronouns! No vaccination against it seems to "take!" Will not somebody please write a book espousing our poor, silent Shakespeare's cause, and send it to us for review?

For our readers are but human! If we prick them they will bleed; if we tickle them they will laugh; and if we bore them they will run. Moreover, the effect of all this upon is, we sadly fear, to make us anything but honest. Here, for example, comes to our table from its publishers, in the regular way, Dr. Theobald's book: "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," the calmest and most scholarly of them all; and we distinctly dare not review it at all!

One sentence in its preface we must cavil gently at, however. "But O most gentle and gentlemenly critics, do be patient and tolerant about it; 'be not so indelicately angry!' Cease your clamours and ausperities, your denunciations and vituperations, and let us talk the matter over calmly and without vulgar abuse or heated imputations. You call us half-educated Philistines, crazy Baconizers, ignorant cranks, mad-moon rakers," etc. etc. We don't wonder that Dr. Theobald objects to being called a "Baconizer." "Who? I! Go to! I defy thee!" remarked Mrs. Quickly, when Sir John Falstaff called her a "woman" (we have heard of people who tore their hair and rent their garments when called equilateral triangles, or even parallelepipedons, and we really suppose that one of our countrymen who could have read cuneiform or stated the merits of the Letters of Phalaris controversy, but who yet thought, perhaps, that Bacon might have boosted Shakespeare just a little over Cardinal Woolsey's Latin syntax, may have been grieved when his Scandinavian critic, Mr. Brandes, wrote that nobody but "half educated Americans" disbelieved)! We are entirely in accord with the rules of the society upon the Stanislaus that

> "It is not fitting for a Scientific Gent,
> "To call another Gent an Ass—at least with wrong intent;
> "Nor should the individual who happened to be meant,
> "Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent."

But we really think Dr. Theobald expects too much! Would he expect to make a morning call on the Duke of Omnium, and say: "My dear Duke, you and your ancestors for seven hundred years have claimed to own three

hundred square miles of English soil, and have grown fat upon them, you and your wives and your concubines! Now, you know, don't you? that you are trespassers, and that all these estates you call yours, really, as a matter of fact, belong to the Theobalds? Now, don't wax angry about it! You see how tranquil I am." Would Dr. Theobald expect the Duke of Omnium to "sit down quietly and talk the matter over calmly without vulgar abuse or heated imputations?"

The Shakespeare Society of New York extends its fraternal greetings to the British Empire Shakespeare Society—lately organized. Its prospectus announces its objects (1) to promote greater familiarity with Shakespeare's work throughout the empire; (2) to form Shakespeare reading societies and aid those already formed; (3) to give prizes for the best reading, recitation, essays upon, or acting of the plays; (4) to specially arrange for children's classes, and (5) to give special performances of the plays and lectures upon Shakespeare's life and work.

The Hon. Secretary is Miss Morritt, 17 Southwell Gardens, London, S. W., who will be glad to have any interested persons communicate with her. The motto of the society is: "Using no other weapon but his Name."

The Presidency of the Society has been accepted by Sir Henry Irving, for eleven years past a life member of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

The Shakespeare Society of New York has issued a circular to remind subscribers that when the Bankside Edition was projected it was intended only to include the First Folio Plays of which First Quarto texts were in existence. The Loves' Labour's Lost was one of these. An accident to the photographs of the texts of that play during the passage of the work through the press, however, led to the substitution therefor of the Pericles, of which, although a First Quarto text exists, there was no First Folio, but only a Third Folio, text. The society now proposes to issue a twenty-first volume to the Bankside Edition, to contain the Love's Labour's Lost, the First Quarto text of 1598 paralleled with the First Folio text of 1623, to be issued only to present owners of the five hundred original sets. Of course only five hundred of this additional volume will be printed, and the types distributed as before.

The Shakespeare Society of New York announces with regret the death of Professor Thomas Randolph Price, LL.D., Chief of the

Department of English in Columbia University. Dr. Price was for six years first vice-president of the society, and contributed to its publications a "Study of the Construction and Types of Shakespeare's Verse Construction," which was separately printed and afterwards reprinted as the introduction to Volume IX of the Bankside (the Othello). At a special meeting of the society Albert R. Frey, Esq., for eighteen years recording secretary of the society, was elected first vice-president. M. J. J. Jusserand, Minister of France to the United States, and M. Fernand Henry, whose translation into French of the sonnets induced his election to the Institute of France (the "Immortals"), were elected life honorary members, and Edward Merton Dey, Esq., of St. Louis, Missouri, a life member. Mr. William O. Bates, formerly assistant recording secretary of the society, becomes its recording secretary.

Books Received

[Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues.]

70. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam;* the Sufi Interpretation of Khayyam and Fitz Gerald. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Librarian New York Public Library, Astor Branch, New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. Quarto, Boards. 15x11.

71. *The Age of Shakespeare* (1579-1631). By Thomas Seccomb and J. W. Allen. With an Introduction by Professor Hales. Cloth, 12mo; 2 v; pp. 292-232. London: George Bell and Sons.

72. *Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life.* By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin. 12mo; cloth; pp. 232. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

73. *A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century.* By Henry A. Beers, author of *A Surburban Pastoral, The Ways of Yale,* etc. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 455. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

74. *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. II: Macbeth. Revised Edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Imperial; 8 vo; cloth; gilt top; pp. xiv-565. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

75. *Everyman:* The Fifteenth Century Morality Play. With illustrations reproduced from sixteenth century wood cuts. Cloth; 8¼x6; pp. 42. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

76. *Shakespeare's Art: Studies on the Master Builder of Ideal Characters.* By James H. Cotter, A.M. 12mo; cloth; pp. 183. Cincinnati: Robert Clark Company.

77. *A New Portrait of Shakespeare: The Case of the Ely Palace Painting as against that of the so-called Droeshout Original.* By John Corbin. Sq.; 12mo; boards; pp. 96. New York and London: John Lane: The Bodley Head.

78. *The Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene.* By Lewis Wager. A Morality Play. Reprinted from the original edition of 1566-67. Edited, with introduction, notes, and glossarial index, by Frederick Ives Carpenter of the Department of English in the University of Chicago. 8 vo; cloth; pp. 90. The University of Chicago Press.

79. *The First Folio Edition of Shakespeare;* Vol. I: *A Midsomer Night's Dreame.* Edited, with introduction, glossarie, lists of variorum readings. By Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Cloth; 16mo; handy volume size. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

80. *The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays.* By George C. Bompas. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 120. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

81. *The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy:* a Report of the Trial of an Issue in Westminster Hall, June 20th, 1627; read in the Inner Temple Hall, May 29th, 1902, and prepared for publication by William Willis, Treasurer of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple. Boards; pp. 170; quarto. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

82. *Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy:* a Judicial Summing-up. By the Right Hon. James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. Edited by M. H. Kinnear, with a biographical note by F. A. Inderwick, K.C. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 200. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

83. *The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon:* an Appeal for Further Investigation and Research. By Harold Bayley. Illustrated. 12mo; cloth; pp. 274. London: Grant Richards.

84. *The Early Life of Lord Bacon.* Newly Studied by Parker Woodward. Quarto; paper; pp. 110. London: Gay & Bird.

85. *Is It Shakespeare?* The Great Question of Elizabethan Literature Answered in the light of new Revelations and Important Contemporary Evidence hitherto unnoticed. By a Cambridge Graduate. With Facsimilies. Cloth; 8 vo; pp. 387. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. (London: Murray.)

86. *Contemporary Evidence of Shakespeare's Identity.* By R. L. Ash-

hurst, Vice Dean of the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society. 8 vo; paper; pp. 66. Philadelphia: The Shakespeare Society.

87. *An English Garner:* Critical Essays and Literary Fragments. With an Introduction by J. Churton Collins. 8 vo; cloth; pp. 344. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

88. *An English Garner:* Social England Illustrated. A Collection of Seventeenth Century Tracts. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. 8 vo; cloth; pp. 458. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

74. The Revised Edition of the Furness Variorum Macbeth is a splendid Imperial 8 vo, volume of 566 pages; and, as usual with every succeeding volume of this magnificent edition, entirely beggars praise. It is as impossible to mention any edition which competes with this one, as it is to discover any consideration omitted, or any phase of criticism neglected, in its editor's exhaustive sweep. Readers and students may have preferences as to size, form of page, convenience of portation, binding, paper or type. But for everything—everything for reader, student, scholarly consultation and reference—in short, everything—the Furness new variorum is all in all and at once!

Macbeth was first published in this edition in 1873. Dr. Furness says, in an explanatory note, that "almost as many years now separate us from the first volume of this edition as, at the time of its publication, separated us from the Variorum of 1821. During these years so much has been added in the way of criticism and illustration, that the epithet 'new' as applied to the earlier volumes is become almost misleading, and a demand for a 'newest new' Variorum can be deemed hardly unreasonable." The First Folio text, which has been used in all the Variorum editions thus far, excepting the first four volumes, is now substituted for the composite text originally employed in "Macbeth" by Dr. Furness. Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., to whom has fallen the work of revision, states that this change of text has necessitated a new collation of all the texts, and Dr. Furness himself, says: "Surely, the instances are not many where a literary task begun by a father is taken up and carried forward by a son; still fewer are they where the father can retire within the shadow with such conviction, as is now mine, that the younger hands are the better hands and that the work will be done more deftly in the future than in the past."

In the thirty years since the edition was launched the only changes in the plan were the rejection of the editor's own text—which was printed in the "Macbeth," Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet and Lear—for the first folio text,

as a confession that after all is said,and allowing for all archaisms, there is only one true text of Shakespeare! Malgre Dr. Furness's modesty, if the work is done better in the future, it can only be because "two heads are better than one," and the son will have—for many years, let us hope—the counsel and assistance of the father. The latter will go on with the comedies, and is now editing Love's Labour's Lost; while the former, as the preface to the present volume informs us, is at work on Richard III.

To adequately review a volume of the New Variorum would be to prepare a volume of equal size. A minor note we may however make. As mention of the difficulty which Germans have to contend with in translating certain passages in Shakespeare, Mr. Furness exhibits no fewer than twenty-one different versions of the lines:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

For the word cauldron the German language appears to have no equivalent. Even the noble edition of Delius—which Dr. Furness does not praise more highly—high as his praise of it is—than we all do, falls into occasional lapses in English metaphor. In the fourth act of the play where Macbeth, horror-stricken at the show of kings, says: "Start, eyes!" Delius explained in 1865 that "Macbeth could gaze no longer, and, therefore, bade his eyes start away from the sight." In his last edition Delius repeated this note word for word, but added the saving clause: "or from their sockets."

"I have found it remarked," says Dr. Johnson, in his Preface to Shakespeare—written in 1768—"that, in this important sentence: 'Go before, I'll follow,' we read a translation of 'I prae, sequar.' I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

This was written one hundred and thirty-five years ago! But had Dr. Johnson lived until the year 1903 he would hardly have considered the item prominent. The only thing great Shakespeare appears never to have been able to accomplish, was to satisfy his commentators that his readers were, or ever would be—in sæcula sæculorum—possessed of common sense.

75. A new firm of New York publishers, Messrs. Fox and Duffield, have chosen well, we think, to issue as their first output a new edition, the fourth in four hundred years, of the quaint old morality play of Everyman, so lately presented throughout the United States by the Elizabethan Stage

Society of London, and which literary critics, artists, authors, actors, clergymen, students, and the public generally have united in praising for its curious worth and beauty. Everyman is thought to have been written first in Dutch by one Peter Dorland, of Diest, a priest of mystic and speculative turn of mind, who lived in the latter half of the Fifteenth Century. The earliest date to which the English version can be assigned is the reign of Edward IV (1461-1483); but if this be doubtful, it is at least certain that it was printed as early as in the year 1500, "at London in Fleetstrete at the Sygne of the George by Richard Pynson prynter to the Kyngs noble grace."

Poor Everyman (by whom is personated everybody—all mortality, of course) is represented as enjoying himself innocently enough, and the spectator must have considered it "hard lines" that death, a repulsive old skeleton with a vile horn and a noisy drum, should interrupt him. However from the time of death's interruption Everyman has a hard time, and, strenuously as he strives, gets nothing as a compromise except to be buried with book, bell and candle. We hope, however, that nobody neglected to see it; or if he did, that he will not overlook this opportunity to possess himself of the book.

77. We don't know what Mr. John Corbin's specialty is, but evidently it is not portraits of Shakespeare. He has only heard of two or three, and these he laboriously struggles and worries with and about, and compares, button by button and braid by braid and tippet by tippet, until we wish he wouldn't, and are willing to do anything, even to admit his proposition (if we can make out that he has any) that the "Ely" is quite as authentic as the Droeshout, if he will only make an end. We dare say it is. But that is not saying much for the Ely. There are by this time portraits of Shakespeare galore. Mr. Boaden enumerated, we think, seven. Mr. Norris added, perhaps, as many more. All that can be said for any portrait—the most that can be said—would be that its lines recalled the Stratford Bust, the nearest in point of time to Shakespeare, which certainly was intended to represent him (a certainty, by the way, that does not attach to all the others). Historically, then the Stratford Bust has the best claims. Circumstantially, as one might say, the D'Avenant Bust has almost a better claim (at least, that is an opinion). But Mr. Gunther's portrait shares—if not with the Droeshout, at least with the Ely—the right to be called an Idealized Stratford Bust. And if a portrait of a man is a portrait of Shakespeare because it "idealizes the Droeshout," then the "Spook" portrait which lies before us (being underwrit "William Shakespeare, photograph of a precipitate

portrait in colored oils, produced instantaneously in my presence, June 10th, 1887. Luther R. Marsh") is a portrait of Shakespeare. The late Mr. Marsh was an eminent lawyer—law partner of Daniel Webster, and possibly as deeply read in the rules of evidence as is Mr. John Corbin. On Mr. John Corbin's showing (but we will wait until we hear the other side) we should hesitate to pronounce between the "Ely" and the "Spook" Shakespeare.

78. Like Everyman just noticed, this reprint under the careful and competent hands of Professor Frederic Ives Carpenter of the Department of English in the University of Chicago with an illustrative and exhaustive introduction and necessary Notes and glossary presents us with the text of a mixed miracle Play and Morality of the shadowy pre-Renaissant period of English literature. Its early title page ran: A new Enterlude never before this time. Imprinted, entreating of the Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene not only Godlie, Learned and Fruiteful, but also well furnished with pleasant Myrth and Passtime, verie Delectable for those which shall heare or reade the Same, made by the learned Clarke Lewis Wager—the name of the players. Infidelitie, the Vice—Marie Magdalene—Pride of Life—Cupidite. Carnal Concupicescence. Simon the Pharisee. Malicious Judgment. The Lawe. Knowledge of Sin. Christ Jesus. Fayth. Repentance. Testification. Love. [Foure may easely playe this Interlude].—Imprinted at London. by John Charlewood. Dwelling in Barbican at the Signe of the half Eagle and the Key. Anno 1567."

79. We congratulate Miss Porter and Miss Clarke upon having thought out a new plan of editing the Plays. Their plan is to print the 1623 text at a popular price, barring only long s's; transposed u and v; and the logotypes the old printers used for "justification" purposes, and of adding only the comparatively few notes that anyone really needs—anyone, that is to say, who opens Shakespeare at all! It does our souls good to find at least an editorial prescience that is willing to admit that, in a country which spends some hundreds of millions a year for popular education, people don't need to be told that a "bonnet" is a piece of head-gear, or that "dearest" is a term of endearment, or to be encumbered with sapient assistance in the shape of acres of annotations to a text that has survived, not only its contemporaries, but thousands of its successors, simply because it is intelligible to every heart that beats and to every pulse that throbs, as it is! And we thank the editors for having the moral courage to say (we have awaited the editors who would say it and stick to it in their

editing—we have awaited them for, say, fifty years) "there is practically nothing in the form of the first complete text of the Plays published in 1623, and commonly called the First Folio, particularly if these few changes mentioned be made, which should cause the present-day reader to stumble in reading it." Besides a sensible preface, a common-sense introduction, notes that annotate, and a good glossary, there is a careful table of Variorum readings and a dainty selection of really terse commentary. The size is "handy-volume," the type ideal, the headlines run across two pages! We don't believe, after growling at all sorts of editors of Shakespeare for twenty years, that we have any fault to find with this Porter-Clarke Shakespeare, and every successive volume of it (and we hope it will include the Edward III and the Two Noble Kinsmen, even if the First Folio does not) will be very welcome at this table.

80—81—82—83—84

"Baconian Controversy—THE: see Bacon, *Delia;* Shakespeare, *William.*" We find this entry in The New International Encyclopædia. So, our pene-literary contemporary The Times Saturday Review, to the contrary notwithstanding, there is a Baconian Controversy! But behold how the whirligig of Time brings in his Revenges! Twenty-five years ago, said The London Athenæum, in reviewing a Baconian book. "We leave this tom-foolery where it alone exists, *in partibus Infidelibus*—Australia and the United States!" Here, to-day, are six sizable works all from England. Having devoted over an hundred of our pages to this controversy already, we must deal very summarily with these. Mr. Bompas's book is an able restatement of the heretical side. As to Mr. Willis, while not entirely agreeing with Anthony Trollope that lawyers think themselves the only adult members of society, yet it is true that lawyers are the only class whose business is logical discussion, and whose vocation compels an exact knowledge of the meaning of words, popular as well as terminal. "A court of law," says Hayward, "is the only place where free speech is tolerated and a logical judgment rendered." Therefore it was a happy thought in Mr. Willis to take the Bacon-Shakespeare case into court. He assumes that in the probate of Shakespeare's will, the question arises whether the man signing the will is the man whose plays, in 1623, are printed in the First Folio, and the Lord Chancellor frames the issue and sends it to the King's Bench for trial The trial is had, and a jury finds that William Shakespeare, the testator of the testament of 1616, was the Dramatist of the First Folio of 1623. We trust every Baconian will read and digest this trial. We are sure no orthodox Shakespearean will miss so doing. Speak-

ing as lawyers, however, we should say that no such issue could possibly have been framed so that a jury could hear it at all. One might as well frame a London fog! The plays in the First Folio were not signed in anybody's handwriting, and if they had been the issue would have been—if possible—foggier yet! Francis Collins, the attorney, permits his client to sign his will in three different hands, and in three different orthographies. If he knew that his client was called Shakespeare, he ought at least to have held him to that orthography, or, at least, *idem sonans*. He did neither. If he—Lawyer Collins—knew or suspected that his client was a famous Dramatist, or owner or late owner of theatrical or dramatic chattels, he should have made some intimation in the body of the will to that effect. Mr. Willis's work is clever, and the trial at bar conforms so closely to Jacoban practice that it is worth the pleasure of reading it. But speaking as a lawyer, we think that Mr. Willis's jury would have disagreed!

Lord Penzance's book is juridicial, and will be noticed again in these pages. He sees no escape from the Baconian theory. Mr. Harold Bayley's appeal—an eloquent one—we are also compelled to pass for the present, to recur to it later on. The reader who opens Mr. Parker Woodward's "Early Life of Lord Bacon" must be prepared to disregard Mr. Sneer's injunction, "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope!" Mr. Woodward, in his preface "wants nobody to review his book who has not first read it from cover to cover." We have done that, and if Mr. Froude long ago assured us that the Virgin Queen was more than once a mother, Mr. Woodward cannot be blamed, now that Mrs. Gallup claims one of the Queen's offspring to have been Lord Bacon, for trying to discover if this could have been the fact! Mr. Woodward takes Mrs. Gallup "on honor" when she says that she has extracted, and not invented, her cipher, and makes his book a brief in Mrs. Gallup's behoof. It will be remembered that Mrs. Gallup herself replied to the most damaging of her critics that if she had herself composed the cipher story she claims to have extracted, she would have (1) gone to the encyclopædia and got the history right, (2) being careful to paraphrase Homer *via* some less familiar translation than Pope's rhymed version, and (3) that the object of a cipher is to be difficult to construe. Mr. Woodward elaborates this as to the circumstantial evidence he marshals. We trust lay readers will remember in reading this brief that circumstantial evidence is at once the strongest and weakest of all evidence; the strongest, unless explained; the weakest (*i.e.*, not evidence at all!) after it is explained. But that, if not explained, it cannot be objected to as interested or prejudiced or *ex parte*. We hope all interested in the discussion to which *New Shakespeareana* has devoted so disproportionate

a space already will not fail to read "The Early Life of Lord Bacon, newly studied by Parker Woodward."

Why did not Dr. Furness, when he sat on the famous Seybert commission, ask the spirits to settle the Bacon-Shakespeare fight?

85. Will the line stretch out till the crack of doom? Can nothing be done to supress this torrent of books on the Bacon controversy? Here comes an anonymous "Cambridge Graduate" with the everlasting question. According to him Bacon must have been a sad, sad boy in his early days. It may be so. Full many a father have I seen, a sober man among his boys, whose youth was full of foolish noise, and it is not to be supposed that Bacon was born in a wig, nor did he always pose *sic sedebat!* If we can judge by his companions, Essex, Southampton, Herbert and the unspeakable Perez, he was at this time quite awake to the diversions and follies of the gilded youth of the court, even if not an actual participant in them. Perhaps Lady Bacon's warning not to sinfully revel was not so wholly puritanical and uncalled for as we sometimes think. Certainly Bacon's set was a very gay one. Our "Cambridge Graduate" acquits Bacon of the most debasing of the faults of that set. The subject is a delicate one, and our author handles it delicately. Evidently he thinks Bacon at one time stood on the brink of the pit and peered over, but that was all. The argument is based on the sonnets and other poems, and not on the plays. The sonnets are undoubtedly, the author thinks, autobiographical, and the autobiography is much more easily reconciled with Bacon than with the actor, who has been supposed to have brought the first part of Venus and Adonis in his pocket from Stratford, and to have finished it while he was taking care of the senior Burbage's horses.

There are some pretty serious stumbling blocks in the way of the autobiographical theory as usually understood. Take Sonnet cxxxvii, for instance. It is perfectly inconceivable that any man from the beginning of the world to this day could have spoken of the woman he loved in this fashion, least of all a poet! His love would have made him blind to her faults; or, if not blind, at least he would not have blazoned them forth. Suppose, however, he was speaking for another person, and suppose he is describing his friend's mistress, not his own, putting the phrases into his mouth in order to shame him from an unworthy infatuation. This would be so much like what we know of Bacon, that if it were found to be the case, it would tend greatly to strengthen the theory of Baconian authorship.

Southampton is the "friend" of the early Sonnets; Herbert of the

later. Mistress Fitton receives due attention. Now adventures and intrigues, such as are suggested by the Sonnets, would more naturally fall in the way of a companion of courtiers than of a companion of stable boys and supers of the play house. But the argument by no means rests upon this weighing of probabilities. Hall, Marston and Ben Jonson knew the secret, and let slip many hints. When Marston alludes to a hidden poet as *mediocria firma*, which is Bacon's own motto, the disguise seems very thin.

The author shows remarkable knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and many mouldy archives have been ransacked and gleaned to support his position, which is that Bacon was the sole author of the sonnets and other poems. The plays are, in the main, he contends, the work of the author of the poems. Of that he admits no doubt. But what of the actor and manager from Stratford? He was a genial companion and a man of great ability. He was a play-broker and factotum, honest, able and popular. He obtained plays where he could find them and fitted them for the stage. Hence they were known as "Shakespeare's Plays." He probably supplied some of the lighter parts—the "gags." Jonson thought that half eyes would know a fleece from locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece. This theory accounts for Warwickshire names in the plays, and is virtually in accord with that advanced by Appleton Morgan twenty-five years ago in "The Shakespearean Myth."

It is undoubtedly true that Bacon, after his great misfortune, grew very serious and deeply concerned in matters of religion, as his writings plainly show. May it not be that at this period of his life something of the puritanical spirit of his mother took possession of him? and, if so, may it not have been one reason why at the end he did not wish to own the plays? The book is delightfully written by one who does not take himself too seriously, but who is evidently very much in earnest and is possessed in full measure of the saving grace of humour—a grace which many Ba-

The author places his "name and claim" in the form of an anagram at the beginning and end of the book. It has been read "Walter Begley, the Discover of Milton's Nova Solyma," which, however, runs two letters short.

I. H. P.

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